Falſt. Not ſo my lord, your ill angell is light, but I hope he that lookes vpon me will take me without weighing, and yet in ſome reſpects I grant I cannot go. I cannot tell, vertue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſtar-mongers times, that true valour is turnd Herod, Pregnancie is made a Tapſter, & his quick wit waſted in giuing reckonings, all the other giftes appertinent to man, as the malice of his age ſhapes the one not worth a goosbery, you that are old conſider not the capacities of vs that are yong, you doe meaſure the heate of our liuers with the bitterneſſe of your galles, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſſe are wagges too.

Lo. Do you ſet downe your name in the ſcroule of youth, that are written downe, old with all the characters of age? haue you not a moiſt eie, a dry hand, a yelow cheeke, a white beard, a decreaſing leg, an increaſing belly? is not your voice broken, your winde ſhort, your chinne double, your wit ſingle, and euery part about you blaſted with antiquitie, and will you yet call your ſelfe yong? fie, fie, fie, ſir Iohn.

Iohn My Lorde, I was borne about three of the clocke in the afternoone, with a white head, and ſomething a round belly, for my voyce, I haue loſt it with hallowing, and ſinging of Anthems: to approoue my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderſtanding: and hee that wil caper with me for a thouſand markes, let him lend me the money, and haue at him for the boxe of the yeere that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a ſenſible Lord: I haue checkt him for it, and the yong lion repents, mary not in aſhes and ſackcloth, but in new ſilke, and olde ſacke.

Lord Well, God ſend the prince a better companion.

Iohn God ſend the companion a better prince, I cannot ridde my hands of him.

Lord Well, the King hath ſeuerd you: I heare you are going with lord Iohn of Lancaſter, againſt the Archbiſhop and the Earle of Northumberland.

Iohn Yea, I thanke your prety ſweet witte for it: but looke you

you pray, all you that kiſſe my lady Peace at home, that our armies ioyne not in a hote day, for, by the Lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I meane not to ſweate extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, & I brandiſh any thing but a bottle. I would I might neuer ſpit white again: there is not a dangerous action can peepe out his head, but I am thruſt vpon it. Wel, I cannot laſt euer, but it was alway yet the tricke of our Engliſh nation, if they haue a good thing, to make it too common. If yee will needs ſay I am an olde man, you ſhould giue me reſt: I would to God my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is, I were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcoured to nothing with perpetuall motion.

Lord Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and God bleſſe your expedition.

Iohn Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound to furniſh me forth?

Lord Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient to beare croſſes: fare you well: commend mee to my cooſine Weſtmerland.

Iohn. If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle: A man can no more ſeparate age and couetouſneſſe, than a can part yong limbs and lechery, but the gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other, and ſo both the degrees preuent my curſes,

Boy Sir. (boy.

Iohn What money is in my purſe?

Boy Seuen groates and two pence.

Iohn I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe, borrowing onely lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable: Go beare this letter to my lord of Lancaſter, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Weſtmerland, and this to olde miſtris Vrſula, whome I haue weekely ſworne to marry ſince I perceiud the firſt white haire of my chin: about it, you know where to finde me: a pox of this gowt, or a gowt of this pox, for the one or the other playes the rogue with my great toe. Tis no matter if I doe hault, I haue the warres for my color, and my penſion ſhal ſeeme the more reaſonable: a good

wit